And would have told him, half his Troy was
burn'd:
But Priam found the fire, ere he his tongue,
And I my Percy's death ; ere thou report'st it.
This thou would'st say,—Your son did thus, and
thus:
Your brother, thus; so fought the noble Douglas:
Stopping my greedy ear with their bold deeds:
But in the end, to stop mine ear indeed,
Thou hast a sigh to blow away this praise,
Ending with—brother, son, and all are dead.

MOR. Douglas is living, and your brother, yet:
But, for my lord your son, —

NORTH. Why, he is dead.
See, what a ready tongue suspicion hath !
He, that but fears the thing he would not know,
Hath, by instinct, knowledge from others' eyes,
That what he fear'd is chanced. Yet speak, Morton ;
Tell thou thy earl, his divination lies:
And I will take it as a sweet disgrace,
And make thee rich for doing me such wrong.

MOR. You are too great to be by me gainsaid :
Your spirit[2] is too true, your fears too certain.

NORTH. Yet, for all this, say not that Percy's
dead[3].

[1] Your spirit —] The impression upon your mind, by which you conceive the death of your son. JOHNSON.

3 Yet, for all this, say not, &c.] The contradiction, in the first part of this speech, might be imputed to the distraction of Northumberland's mind ; but the calmness of the reflection, contained in the last lines, seems not much to countenance such a supposition, I will venture to distribute this passage in a manner which will, I "hope, seem more commodious: but do not wish the reader to forget, that the most commodious is not always the true

reading:

(C *Bard.* Yet, for all this, say not that Percy's dead.

" *North.* I see a strange confession in thine"eye,

ee Thou shak'st thy head, and hold'st it fear, or sin.

ti* To speak a truth. If he be slain, say so:

** The tongue offends not, that reports his death ;